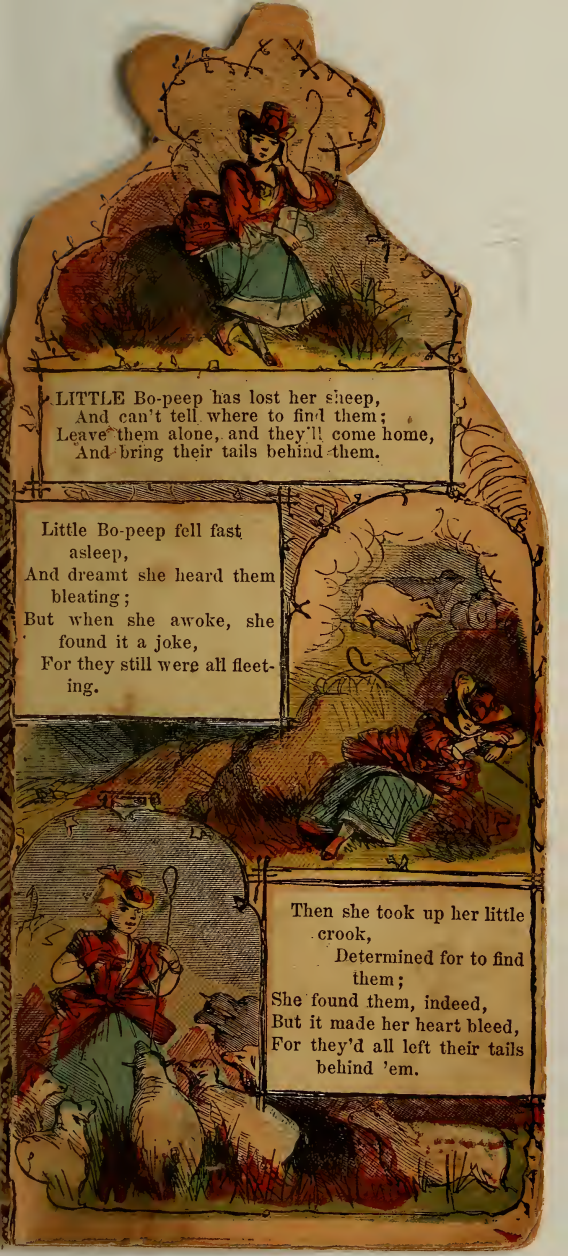
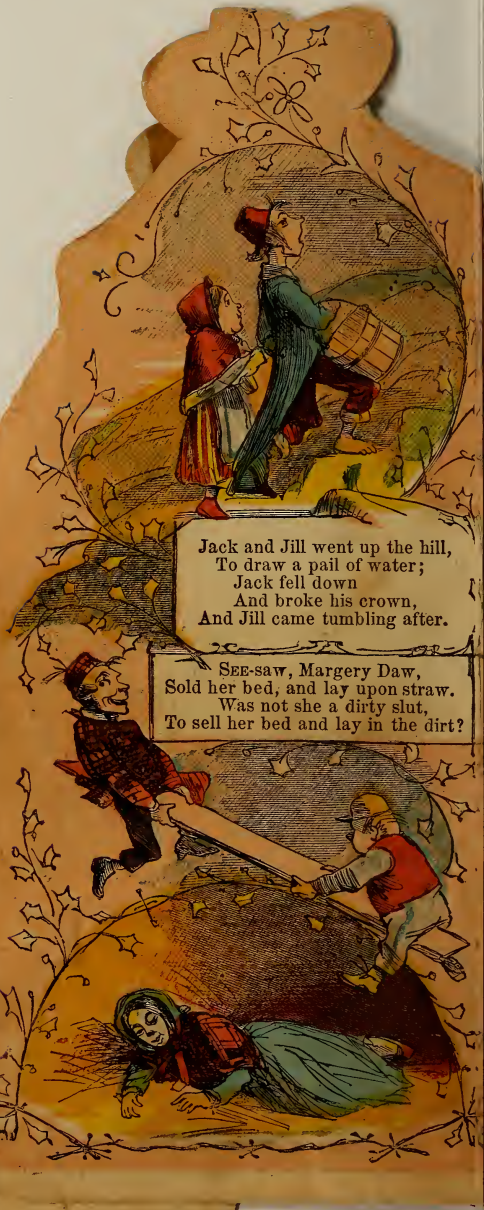
MOTHER GOOSE'S
MELODIES
CROS 30 BEEKMA



LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they still were all fleeting.

Then she took up her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them, indeed,
But it made her heart bleed,
For they'd all left their tails behind 'em.



Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To draw a pail of water;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed, and lay upon straw.
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lay in the dirt?

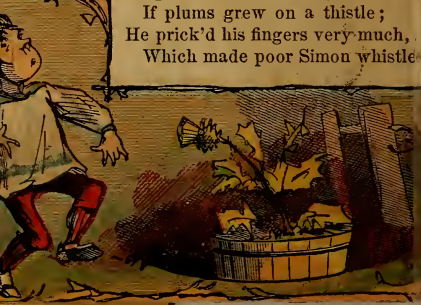
WOOL
Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry have I,
Three bags full,
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
That lives in the lane.
There was an old woman,
She liv'd in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.
She gave them some broth
Without any bread,
She whipt them all soundly
And put them to bed.

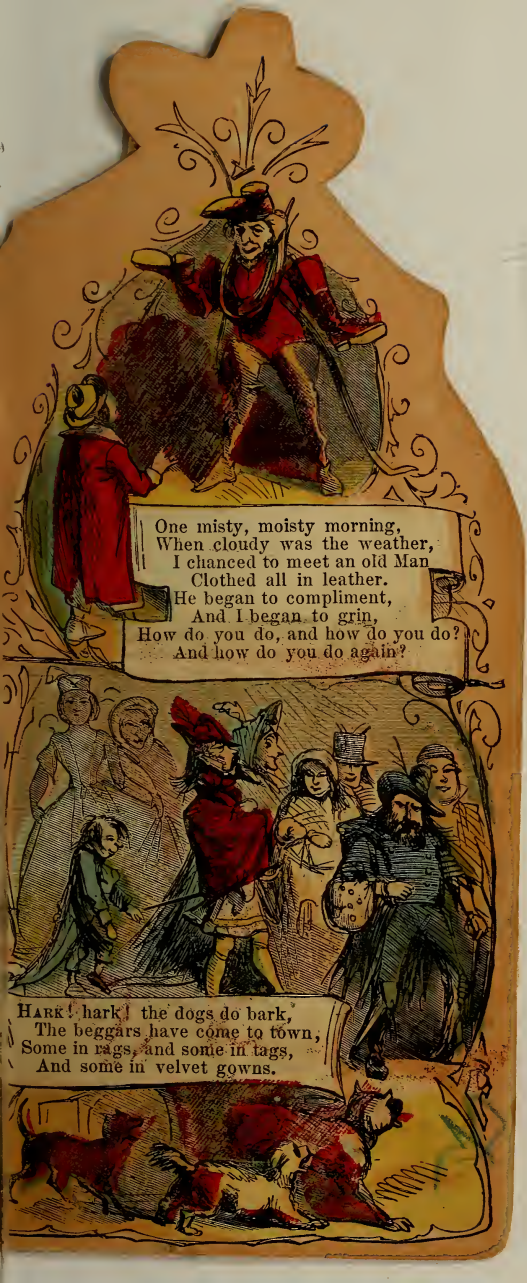
SIMPLE SIMON, met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon, to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."

Simple Simon went a fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He prick'd his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle



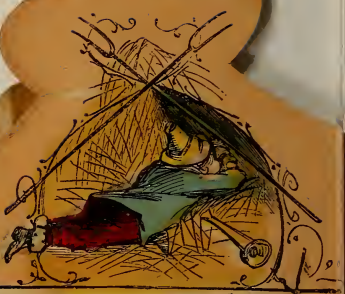

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old Man
Clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do?
And how do you do again?
Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars have come to town,
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat;
His wife could eat no lean;
So 'twixt them both
They cleared the cloth,
And lick'd the platter clean.

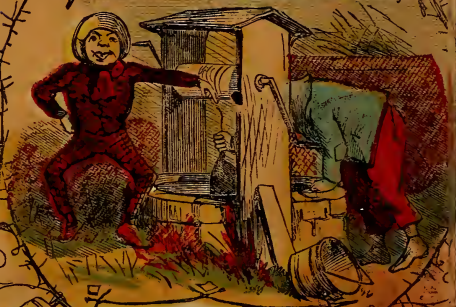
There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead;
He shot John Sprig
Through the middle of his wig
And knocked it right off his head.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run;
The pig was eat,
And Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.

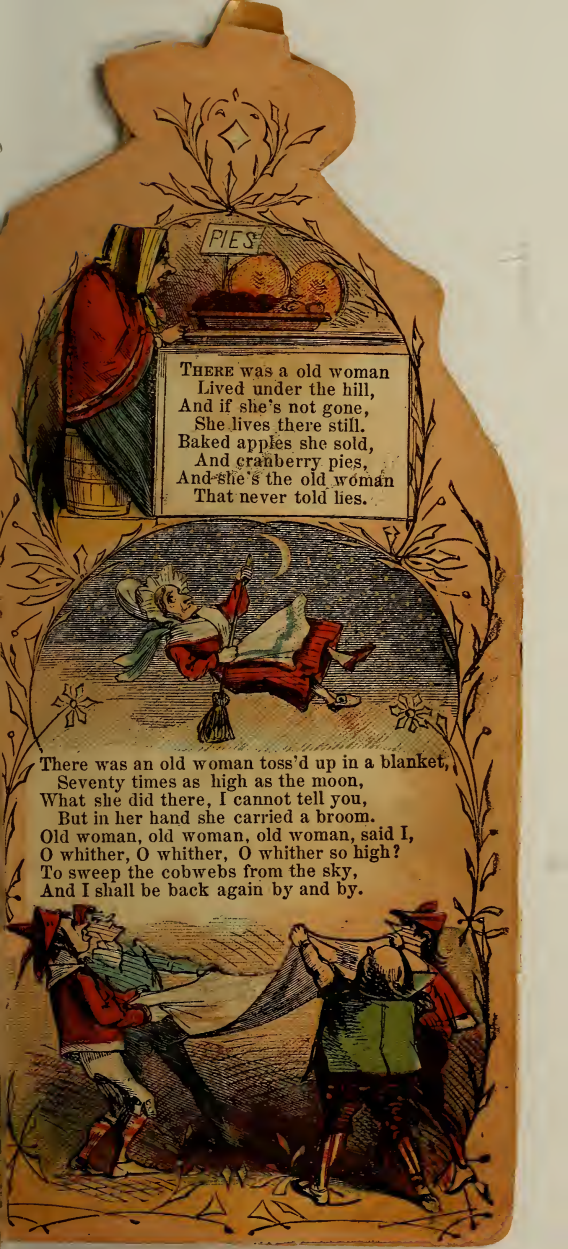
Hiccory diccory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
And down he run,
Hiccory, diccory, dock.



LITTLE boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn,
What! is this the way you
Mind your sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep?



Ding — dong — bell,
The cat's in the well,
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Great Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat;
Who never did him any harm,
And killed the mice
In his father's barn.



THERE was a old woman
Lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.
Baked apples she sold,
And cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman
That never told lies.

There was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket,
Seventy times as high as the moon,
What she did there, I cannot tell you,
But in her hand she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
O whither, O whither, O whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I shall be back again by and by.

Cross Patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.

Ride away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side;
And he shall have little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.

THERE was a little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
A calf came out, and smelt about
And the little boy ran away.

I like little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was open'd
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a pretty dish,
To set before the King?

The King was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
Down came a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.